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THE MADISONIAN.

TIPPECANOE MINSTRELSY OR, SONGS OF THE PEOPLE,

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF





GENERAL HARRISON.

Patriotism is an immaculate passion. It is that which consecrates the cause of the Opposition, and ares the movements of its members and well-wishers From what other motive can have sprung the songs trate the eventful history of its leader? Fortunate it for the country that in a time when the Government has apparently deserted the objects of its paternal care there is a present theme, worthy of the songs, and competent to inspire the patriotic enthusiasm of the cople. If they have not found protection in power, they have at least found pleasure in songs. It is well.

The influence of patriotic songs is widely salutary.— They have always aroused emotions and passions formula to the cause of the people. It could not be and, that the emotions they excite go naturally into Songs have a social tendency. They can not well-be the companions of malice, or the handmaids of tyramy or injustice. They cannot be used to extend designeable passions—there would be an incongruity in that. But music, united with poetical compositions hand in hand with the other arts which because goes hand in hand with the other arts which because goes hand in hand with the other arts which the substantial that we heard from our army. Time hung heavy, and deep gloom overspread the country. The last news was, "a battle is soon expected between the American army under General Harrison, and the British and Indians under the blood-thirsty Proctor and Tecumseh."

Days and weeks passed by and yet nothing was hard from our army. The citizens eagerly hailed all strangers from the west, with the anxious inquiry of "any news from General Harrison"." Such was the delay, doubt and uncertainty, that it was generally feared, and by many believed, that Harrison and his army had, like those before him, been defeated and sell be the companions of malice, or the handmaids in the other Arcadians by savage manners, wickedsand crucky. Polybius attributes the difference to the fact that the Arcadians only taught their children to perform hymns, and songs composed in honor of their gods and heroes. The Arcadians kept up a musical discipline, while the Cynetheans totally neglected it, and the difference between the two tribes was the greatest immaginable. The songs of the ortions. Plutarch tells us, "had a spirit, which could not the soul, and impel it in an enthusiastic manner They consisted chiefly of the praises harves that had died for Sparta, or else of expresif detestation for such wretches as had declined states opportunity." " Nor did they forget to in ambition for glory suitable to their respec-

Oner in battle bold we shone of men answered

Try us; our vigor is not gone;

The palm remains for us alone." The Lacodimponians marched to battle with songs The Grecians had songs appropriated to is trades, and some of them being adapted to ated to public happiness. Fletcher, of Saltoun Wa man were permitted to make all the ballads, its need not care who should make all the laws of a nation. "The character of a people," says another "is long preserved in their national songs. The American national airs "Haif Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and others, have had a great effect in bur time, and will long be preserved. It is said that an arrient city was built by the lyre of Ame their songs -the sailors, in heaving anchors, " "Heave, and hot rum below!" and Dibdin, an h helfal writer, says that his songs "have been of sollers and long voyagers, in storms, in that "they have been quoted in mutinies coplayed Palas and Hymns with good effect time of David down. Benevolent societies and consider it amount their least useful a society aiming to promote the union and of Switzerland. The social spirit of New all has no doubt, been greatly promoted by their us by stringed instruments and opera musio. that again the Highlanders of Scotland are a brave 2nd race and their high spirit is doubtless pro-

THE MADISONIAN.

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their effect.

the present times, therefore, are not without example

and we may safely presume they will not be without

The appearance of Gen. Harrison as a candidat

for popular suffrage, who has been a hero in battle, and frequently exposed himself to the shafts of death

for his country, was the signal for the display of precisely that kind of patriotic fervor and enthusiasu

which were both the origin and effects of the songs of

Sparta. The violent attacks made upon him, in vio

lation of all historical, and even common justice, by a

political faction, very much increased, if they did not even consecrate this spirit. Hundreds of songs have

appeared in every part of the country of various merit.

having nearly a common object. From among the mass, we have selected a number, and present them

to our readers, relieved by such authentic anecdotes a

bring familiarly to the mind the character of the Patriot and Hero, in whose honor they have been composed. We trust they will be acceptable.

THE BRAVE OLD CHIEF.

A song to the chief, the brave old chief,
Who hath ruled in our heart's so long,
Here's fame and renown to his laurel crown,
That bind our affections strong;
There was strength in his blow many years ago,
And honor has long been his due,
For be showed his might in the deep midnight,
On the field of old Tippecanoe.
Then sing to the chief, the brave old chief,
Who fires every bosom anew,
And honor'd be he, by the brave and free,
Who conquered at Tippecanoe!

Who conquered at Tippecanoe!

He ruled these fair climes, in the fearful times, When the Indian's fiendish howl,

Was heard in the wood, where the log cabin stood,
Exposed to the nightly prowl;

On him we relied, our hope and our pride,
And we banished our needless fear,
Then hail him with cheers for hundreds of years,
The chief to our bosom so dear,
Then sing to the chief, the brave old chief,
Who fires every bosom anew,
And honor'd be he, by the brave and free,
Who conquered at Tippecanoe!

Who conquered at Tippecanoe!

The brave old chief, who brought us relief,
In the time of our sorest need,
Exalt we his name, to the summit of fame,
For glory's his well earned meed;
If the people inquire, for the Kinderhook square,
And the fate of his Tory clan,
We'll reply they are dead, in their sour-crout laid,
To make room for a much better man.
Then sing to the chief, the brave old chief,
Who fires every boson anew,
And honor'd be he, by the brave and free,
Who conquered at Tippecanoe!

"BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT ?"

Harrison has whipped the British and Indians!

then viewed as a voluntary sacrifice of life for the de-fence of their country, and the "farewell, God bless ye," was uttered in a tone and feeling that sunk deep in the hearts of the bystanders, and which will never

army had, like those before him, been defeated and

While I was sitting (said our informant) at the long low window of our school house, and our Irish schoolmaster was busy in repeating our A. B. C. to the smaller urchins, I suddenly heard the sound of a

the smaller urchins, I suddenly heard the sound of a horn. I looked forth, and saw descending the hill half a mile distant, the mail-boy on horse at full speed. At the foot of the hill he crossed the bridge, and the rapid clatter of the iron hoof resounded throughout our cabin. Rising the hill near us, his horse at full speed, and reaking with sweat, he again sounded his surill horn, and, when opposite our log cabin, he call-ed out.

HARRISON HAS WHIFFED THE BRITISH AND IN

ever beat in a son of Esin, sprang from his seat as though he had been shot, his eyes flashing with fire

their necks out at the windows, while consternation and dismay were depicted on every countenance, the mail arriving at the office the extrier rose in his stir-rup-, and exclaimed at the same time, whirling his hat

THE BRITISH AND INDIANS!"

HUZZA FOR HARRISON! HE HAS WHIPPED

"BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT ?"

A universal shout of joy involuntarily burst forth-bonfires were kindled in the streets, and our village illuminated at night. In those days I heard no one say that Harrison was a "coward" or a "granny," but I did hear many say "God bless Gen. Harrison."

A Song' to the tune of the "Old Oaken Bucket."

ing. Spread terror around us, and hope was with few.

BOYS, DO YOU BEAR THAT?"

Our Irish tutor, with as true an American heart as

A song to the chief, the brave old chief,

Tune-" The Brave Old Oak."

WASHINGTON CITY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1840.

moted by the martial music of the dram and fife, although they time the strokes of their sickles by their harvest songs. The Chansons de Vendange, or the vineyard songs of France, are associated with scenes of the highest gaiety and hilarity. There are also a class of songs which may be termed amatory, and another convivial, with whose influence almost every

another convivial, with whose influence almost every domestic circle is familiar. Of all these, perhaps the where bails new the timeses and blows left the quickest
In the front of battle bold Harry did go.
The force of the enemy trembled before him,
And soon from the field of his glory withdrew,
And his warm-hearted comrades in triumph cried o'er and class of people have their songs. The songs of

him, God bless the bold soldier of Tippecanoe! The iron-armed soldier the true-hearted soldier, The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

And now since the men have so long held the nation Who trample our rights in their scorn to the

ground, We will fill their cold hearts with a new trepidation, And shout in their ears this most terrible sound, The people are coming resistless and fearless, To sweep from the White House the reckless old

crew,

For the wees of our land, since its rulers are tearless

We look to relief to old Tippecanoe.

The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,

The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

The people are coming from plain and from mountain
To join the brave band of the honest and free,
Which grows, as the stream from the leaf-sheltered
fountain,
Spreads broad and more broad till it reaches the sea

Spreads broad and more broad till it reaches the set
No strength can restrain it, no force can detain it,
Whate'er may resist, it breaks gallantly through,
And borne by its motion, as a ship on the ocean
Speeds on in his glory old Tippecanoe,
The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

THE LOG CABIN BOYS' RALLY IN 1812 When Hull surrendered at Detroit, and left the whole north-western frontier exposed to the horrors of Indian barbarity, that frontier was only 30 miles from Dayton, O. At the time when the news of the surrender reached this part of the country, Governors Meigs, Worthington and Morrow, were holding a council with a large body of Indians at Piqua. The disposition of those Indians had been doubted before, and the loss of the army at Detroit, it was feared, would cause them to take sides with the British. Our citizens folk alarmed at the danger of the frontier, and

and the loss of the army at Detroit, it was feared, would cause them to take sides with the British. Our citizens felt alarmed at the danger of the frontier, and particularly with regard to the Indians at Piqua; and a call was immediately made on the patriotism of the neighborhood, which was obeyed so promptly, that at seven o'clock next morning a company of seventy, completely equipped and organized, marched for Piqua.

The brushy streets of Dayton resounded all that Sunday, with the music of the drum and fife, and the log cabin boys poured in from the country from every direction, formed into companies, chose officers, and made their preparations; and on Monday afternoon three-hundred and forty-one marched for Piqua, after having been organized in a battalion under Major George Adams, one of Wayne's veterans, who then carried in his body several Indian bullets received in the former war. A troop of horse and a rifle company from Warren county turned out also immediately on the receipt of the news, and arrived at Dayton on Sunday evening, the horse proceeded in the morning, and the riflemen in the afternoon. Next day, Tuesday, 350 troops passed through Dayton, having been raised for the relief of Detroit, before the news of its fall. On the Monday afternoon following, Colonel Wells arrived with near 369 regulars, and Captain Garrard with a troop of horse from Bourbon county, Ky. On the next morning, Sept. 1st, Gen. Harrison passed through Dayton, proceeded immediately to Piqua. About the middle of the same day Gen. Payne arrived with 1800 Kentucky volunteers.

This is the way the log-cabin boys rallied under Harrison in 1812, when their country was in danger. They and their sons will rally under his name again in the cause of their country. Harrison has whipped the British and Indians!

Twenty-six years ago last Autumn (said a gentleman to us the other day.) I was a boy attending school in a log calsin, with no other windows than the light afforded through the space of two logs, by the removal of a piece of the third, with greasy bits of paper pasted on as substitutes for glass. The cabin dedicated to learning, was situated in the outskirts of a now populous town in Pennsylvania. No State in the Union furnished more or better soldiers for the defence or protection of the Northern frontier of Ohio, during the late war, than did Pennsylvania. Not a few of her sons were in the army surrendered by Hull, besides, a number of her brave fellows were massacred and scalped at Winchester and Dudley's defeat. Still, the after call of General Harrison for more soldiers, was answered by large numbers of Pennsylvanians, including several from our village. The departure of these brave fellows from their families and friends was then viewed as a voluntary sacrifice of life for the defence of these

THE SOLDIER OF TIPPECANOE.

Air-"Some Love to Roam." stars are bright, and our steps are light As we sweep to our camping ground,
And well we know, as we forward go,
That the fee fills the greenwood round;
But we know no fear, though the foe be near,
As we tramp the greenwood through,
For oh! have we not for a leader got
The Soldier of Tippecanoe!

Chorus—For oh! have we not for a leader got
The Soldier of Tippecanoe.

Now the deep green grass is our soft mattrass
Till the beating of revelie;
No light's in our camp but the fire-fly lamp,
No roof but the greenwood tree.
Brief slumber we snatch, till the morning watch

Brief slumber we snated, thit the morning was a But one eye no slumber knew!
One mind was awake for his soldiers' sake,
'Twas the Soldier of Tippecanoe.

Choruz—For oh! have we not for a leader got
The Soldier of Tippecanoe.

The faint dawn is breaking, our bugles are speaking Quick rouses our lengthened line; Sweet dreams are departing, the soldier is starting And welcomes the morning shine. But, hark! 'tis the drum! the foe is come

ut see, mounted, ready, brave, cautious and steady,
THE SOLDIER OF TIPPECANOE.

Chorus—For oh! have we not for a leader got
The Soldier of Tippecanoe.

Now nigher and nigher, tho' hot is their fire,

And ceaseless the volleying sound,
We press down the hollow, and dauntlessly follow
The tramp of the rising ground.
With death-dealing ardor we press them yet harder,
And still as they come into view,
"Now steady, boys, steady; be quick and be ready;
CRIES THE SOLDIER OF TIPPECANDE. Chorus—For oh! have we not for a leader go The Soldier of Tippecanoe.

Down, down drop the foe, and still on we go,
And each thicket and dingle explore;
Loud our shrill bugles sing, till the wide woods ring,
And their rifles are heard no more.
Now weave the green crown of undying renown
For the Patriot and Hero's brow,
And write his name with the halo of fame,
The Solder of Tippecanoe!

Chorus—For oh! have we not for a leader got The Soldier of Tippecanoe.

THE LOG CABIN GIRLS

"BOYS, no you hear THAT?"

He caught his hat, darted out at the door, and followed the mail-boy at the top of his speed. The scholars were not a second behind him-the larger one taking the lead, and shouting "Huzza for Harrison!" and the smaller ones running after halloing and screaming with fright.

The peuple of our village hearing the confusion, and seeing the mail-boy and horse at full run, followed by the schoolmaster at the top of his speed, and his whole school screaming—shouting and screaming, and knew not what to make of it. The machanic left his shop, the merchant his store, and the women stretched their necks out at the windows, while consternation During the rally of the Log Cabin Boys in 1812, neir wives and sweethearts were animated by the ame patriotic spirit with themselves. The sudden-ess of the call for volunteess, and the necessity of leaving their homes without time for preparation, ren-dered it impossible for the troops to have provided themselves with a sufficient supply of the most neces-sary articles of clothing. General Harrison on that occasion made the following appeal to the fair inhabi-tants of the Log Cabins of Dayton.

tants of the Log Cabins of Daylon.

CARD.
Head Quarters, St. Mary's, September 29, 1812.

General Harrison presents his compliments to the Ladies of Dayton and its vicinity, and solicits their assistance in making shirts for their brave defenders who compose his army, as many of whom are almost destitute of that article, so necessary to their health and comfort. The materials will be furnished by the Quarter Master; and the General confidently expects that the opportunity for the display of female patriotism and industry will be eagerly embraced by his fair country women.

fair countrywomen.
WHLLIAM H. HARRISON. WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

In consequence of this call, the ladies of Dayton and its neighborhood, within ten days after it was received, made up about eighteen hundred shirts for the use of the army. They were made of calico furnished by the Indian Department, and from the annuities which had been withheld from the tribes that had taken up arms against the Americans.

THE FARMER OF TIPPECANOE

A DEMOCRATIC SONG To the tune of " Oh, know ye the Lass of the Bonnie Blue E'en Oh, know ye the farmer of Tippecanoe, The gallant old farmer of Tippecanoe. With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true, The man of the People is Tippecanoe

Away in the west, the fair river beside, That waters North Bend in its beauty and pride, And shows in its mirror the summer sky's blue, Oh! there dwells the farmer of Tippedanoe. When the clear eastern sky in the morning's

gleams.

And the hills of Ohio grow warm in its beams,

When the fresh springing grass is bent down by the dew, With his plough in the furrow stands Tippecanoe

Hurrah! for the farmer of Tippecance.
The honest old farmer of Tippecance,
With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
The man of the People is Tippecance.

And when far in the west the warm sunlight down,
And the woods of Ohio look dusty and brown,
In his own quiet home, he the past will review,
And think of his comrades at Tippecanoe.
For warm as his feelings, as strong is his mind,
To the suffering poor man he ever is kind,
With a hand that is open, a heart that is true,
The poor find a friend in old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,
With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
The choice of the People is Tippecanoe.

The People are rising throughout the broad west, At the name of the man who has served them the

best,
In battle, in council, and every where, true
As the steel of his good sword, is Tippecanoe.
Ye farmers, arouse! put your hands to the plough,
Your country is calling, and will ye fail now,
With one at the head who defeat never knew?
Come join the brave army of Tippecanoe.

The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,
With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
The People will conquer with Tippecanoe.

Come, all who are honest and wish to be free, Come, all who are honest and wish to be free, From the back of the river, the shore of the sea; As the leaves on the trees are his followers true, And who would not follow old Tippecanoe? Come up, with the Buck-eye, the pride of the west, Come up, with brave Harry of leaders the best, With Tyler, the Statesman, who's honest and true, And the battle is won by old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
The fearless old farmer of Tippecanoe,
With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
Van Buren's successor is Tippecanoe.

The youth, the early habits of study, and the delicate frame of Mr. Harrison, not less than the perils and privations incident to the border warfare, would have intimidated a spirit less heroic than his, in entering upon the arduous service in the Northwest. As illustrative of the aspect of affairs, and of his first appearance in the army, an old soldier of St. Clair, who was present, has remarked: "I would as soon thought of putting my wife in the service as this boy; but I have been out with him, and I find those smooth cheeks are on a wise head, and that slight frame is almost as tough as my own weather-beaten careass."

THE REASON WHY

Now tell me, father, why men shout So loud for Harrison? In ev'ry crowd—in ev'ry street They only speak of one!

Tis a long tale to tell, my son. 'Tis a long tale to tell, my son,
You'll hardly understand—
Bad, wicked men, are now in pow'r,
A curse o'er all the land.
Now these bad men, we want to send
Back to their homes away,
And that is why you hear us call
For HARRISON all day.

But father, dear, is Harrison Quite certain not to do, As these bad, wicked men have done, So hated now by you?

My son, we judge what men will do
By what they've done before,
And ev'ry time we find them true
We trust them more and more.
Now this great man, whose name you hear
Proclaimed by ev'ry one,
Has wielded pow'r almost as great
As many kings have done;
And yet he never swerv'd a hair,
From honor's strictest laws: From honor's strictest laws;

From honors strictest laws;
He thought it recompense enough
To fight in freedom's cause!
And many times his life he risked
Upon the battle field,
And though the foe off pressed him close,
He ne'er was known to yield.

under him, and of those who were saved by him from massacre during the last war. There are many such among us. A little ancedote was told us a few days since, by one of our citizens who was in Detroit, from the time of the surrender by Hull to the time of the flight of the British and Indians. He said, that on the day the battle of Lake Erie was fought, the guns were distinctly heard at Detroit, and that they produced such an excitement among the Indians that it was with the utmost difficulty they could be restrained. "We were," said he, "in constant fear from that time until the approach of Harrison, and I do believe that had his coming been delayed one day later than it was, every soul of us would have fallen victims to the tomahawk and scalping knife. The Indians fled from Detroit at the first fire from the Americans, and the British soon followed. I knew very well the feeling which then pervaded every bosom. We regarded Harrison as our Savior, and always since that time, I have felt that I was indebted to General Harrison for saving my life, the lives of my mother, brothers and sisters from a horrible massacre."

LOG CABIN SONG

I love the rough log cabin, It tells of olden time, When a hardy and an honest class Of freemen in their prime,
First left their father's peaceful home,
Where all was joy and rest—
With their axes on their shoulders,
And sallied for the West.

Of logs they built a sturdy pile,
With slabs they roofed it o'er —
With wooden latch and hinges rude
They hung the clumsy door.
And for the little window lights, In size two feet by two, hey used such sash as could be got In regions that were new.

The chimney was composed of slats, Well interlaid with clay,
Forming a sight we seldom see
In this a later day;
And here, on stone for fire-dogs,
A rousing fire was made,
While round it sat a hardy crew
"With page to make a fraid" With none to make afraid

I love the old Log Cabin,-For here, in early days,
Long dwelt the honest Harrison,
As every Loco says:
And when he is our President,
Which one year more will see,
In good "hard cider we will toust,
And cheer him three times three!

While General Harrison was Governor of Indiana he entertained an intention of applying for a position for his son at West Point. There was only a single or his son at West Point. There was only a single vacancy, and his exalted patriotism and public services would certainly have obtained the desired appointment. In the meanwhile, a neighboring farmer applied to Harrison to exert his influence for him as he also desired such a place for his boy. The noble-hearted chief, ever ready to do more for others than for himself, promptly complied with the man's request, and preferring the brother-farmer's boy to his own child, he used his influence and obtained the situation which was wanted. Such an instance of pure disin-terestedness would have added fresh lustre to the cha-racter of that Cincinnatus whom Harrison more than

[WHOLE NO. 384.

THE DOOMED SOLDIER OF FORT MEIGS.

At a late Democratic meeting in Pennsylvania, Mr.
Logan, who served under General Harrison, at Fort
Meigs, recounted a thrilling incident to which he averred he was an eye and ear witness. A soldier who
had deserted was tried by a Court Martial and sentenced to be shot. The procession was formed—first
came the prisoner and his coffin, followed by the guard,
whose unhappy duty it was to execute the sentence of BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE. came the prisoner and his coffin, followed by the guard, whose unhappy duty it was to execute the sentence of the court. They reached the fatal spot—he was blindfolded, and made to kneel by the side of his coffin.—The commands were given "Make Ready! Take Aim!!" when the voice of Gen. Harrison interposed, and the emphatic words "As you were!" at once put a joyful end to the dreadful scene.

He came with slow and mer sured tread, To sound of muffled drum, With bloodless check and eye of dread, A felon to his doom.

And sadly then we followed him, Each manly bosom swelling.

And in each soldier's eye so dim.

The warm tear-drop was dwelling.

He was our comrade—oft we'd shared A soldier's couch at night, Or side by side had nobly dared The perils of the fight.

We paused—and Oh! it was a place More fit for hour of mirth, Amid the loveliness, the grace, The all most fair of earth.

He turned, and cast a lingering look O'er all the prospect wide, The dewy fields, the laughing brook, The mountain in its pride.

Then sad; yet calmly kneeling low, His coffin there beside, Around his damp and pallid brow The fatal band was tied.

" Make ready !"-Oh, the horrid clang Of lowering muskets then,
That mid the sounding forest rang,
And echoed through the glen.

' Take aim !'-like death knell pierced the air, One agonizing thrill;— His pale cold lips moved as in prayer, Then all again was still.

Our noble chief with mournful mein, And lonely step apart,
Had watched the dread and solemn scene
With sad o'erflowing heart.

And " As you were!" like angel notes Fell on the list'ning ear, Or as some lay that sweetly floats On evening's tranquil air. And then a glad triumphant sound

Exultingly rang out, Till every hill and rock around Gave back the joyous shout. And once again, a gladsome band,
We round our comrade pressed,
To take once more the friendly hand,
And clasp him to the breast.

The cheerful word to "March" obeyed, File after file was hieing, Through mountain pass and leafy glade, With glad bright pennons flying.

And he, to sound of drum and fife, Stepp'd in our proud array, Restored again to joy and life, The gayest of the gay.

Now on the Chief, so brave and kind, May Heaven's free blessings rest,-For all that's noble and refined Dwells in his gallant breast.

And Poesy shall meekly stand, And bid the hero live, With parted lips and lyre in hand, Her offering shall give.

Till Harrison's chivalric name Shall be through coming time, By thrilling note of deathless fame, Proclaimed in every clime.

GEN. HARRISON'S COURAGE.

He ne'er was known to yield.

So now, my child, you see why men Do shout for "FreeDon's Son;" And why they'll never leave the fight They nobly have begun, Till victory's banner waves supreme HURRAH FOR HARRISON!

The individual who would fully understand the high estimation which is placed upon the services of General Harrison, should inquire of those who served under him, and of those who were saved by him from massacre during the last war. There are many such among us. A little anecdote was told us a few days since, by one of our citizens who was in Detroit, from the time of the surrender by Hull to the time of the

man.

Judge Chinn could speak most feelingly and from Judge Chinn could speak most feelingly and from experience on that point, for he owes his own life to Gen. Harrison's devotion to his soldiers. It was in returning from an expedition against the Indians, after destroying some of their settlements, where the men, having been several days on the march, without sufficient food, cat too freely of green corn, which produced violent dysentery among them. The woods were filled with Indians, who were hovering around the army, to massacre the stragglers continually falling from the ranks. Gen. Harrison, ever seeking the post of danger, remained in the rear, to bring up, and in doing this he encountered Chinn, then quite a youth, lying at the foot of a tree, where, overcome with fatigue and disease, he had-4hrown himself to die. On discovering the helpless condition of the poor lad, the General dismounted at once, assisted him into the saddle, and compelled him to ride on and overtake the troops, then some miles in advance, which he himself followed on foot.

It is occurrences of this character, attested by living men, that silence the slanderers of Gen. Harrison, and prove him to have been a humane, intrepid and generous officer.

HARRISON AND LIBERTY Tune-" Jefferson and Liberty."

From Mississippi's utmost shore,
To cold New Hampshire's piney hills;
From broad Atlantic's sullen roar,
To where the Western ocean swells,
How loud the notes of joy arise
From every bosom warm and free! How strains triumphant fill the skies Turn to the scroll, where patriot sires

Your Independence did declare, Whose words still glow like living fires, His father's name is written there. That father taught that son to swear, His country ne'er enslaved should be Then lend your voices to the air For Harrison and Liberty.

O'er savage foes, who scourged our land. When Wayne so wild and madly burst, Among his brave and gallant band The youthful Harrison was first. And when on Wabash's leafy banks, Tecumseh's warriors gathered free How swift they fled before the ranks Harrison and Liberty!

When Meigs' Heights, his army held, When Meigs Heights, his army held,
And haughty Britons circled round,
His conquering legions cleared the field,
White notes of triumph pealed around
And though on Thame's tide again
His progress Proctor sought to stay,
Dismayed he fled, and left the plain
To Harrison and Liberty.

Now honored be his hoary age

Shout for the Hero, Patriot, Sage,
For William Henry Harrison:
Or all our Chicis he otherest fought,
But never lost a victory,
And peace was gain'd, and plenty brought
By Harrison and Liberty

HARRISON'S TREATMENT OF AN OLD FELLOW SOLDIER

On one occasion while General Harrison was seated with a few friends at dinner, the party was interrupted by a knock at the Log Cabin door, when an old soldier entered who had been in the Indian campaigns with the General, and who had now called to pay his respects to his Commander-in-chief Harrison, nstantly recognizing him as he came in, rose from his seat, and first shaking him cordially by the hand, turned round to his guests, saying. "Gentlemen, let me introduce an old friend and companion in arms, who, though a common soldier, is a gallant American, who has served his country well and faithfully; he will take a seat at the table, and we will talk over old times." The guests having so good an example set them, rose from the table and received the soldier with open arms. He was then seated next to the General, and they all passed the evening in social conversation. When the party retired, Harrison presented the soldier with a new coat, and the veteran bade adieu to the Log Cabin and its hospitable owner, showering blessings on his head, and feeling a thousand indescribable emotions, because he had found such sympathy, as a man, however humble, knows to be real and the generous offspring of a good heart. occasion while General Harrison was scated

OLD FORT MEIGS

BY A SOLDIER WHO FOUGHT THERE Air-Oh! tonely is the forest shade

Oh! lonely is our old green fort, Where oft in days of yore. Our gallant soldiers bravely fought, Gainst savage allies bold, But with the change of years have passed,

That unrelenting foe,
Since we fought here with HARRISON,
A long time ago. It seems but yesterday I heard,
From yonder thicket nigh,
Th' unerring rifle's sharp report—
The Indian's starting cry,
Yan brooklet, flowing at our feet,
With crimson gore did flow
When we fought here with Harrison
A long time ago.

The river rolls between its banks
As when of old we came—
Each grassy path, each shady nook,
Seems to me still the same;
But we are scattered now, whose faith,
Pledged here; through weal or wo,
With Harrison our soil to guard,
A long time ago.

But many a soldier's lip is mute, And clouded many a brow,
And clouded many a brow,
And hearts that beat for honor then
Have ceased their throbbings now,
We ne'er shall meet again in life
As then we met, I trow,
When we fought here with HARRISON,
A long time ago.

HIS CHARITABLE DISPOSITION

HIS CHARITABLE DISPOSITION.

On one occasion, when invited to dine in company with a few friends, while the guests were at the table, the crying of a child in the street reached their ears—no very unusual sound, certainly, and one that would draw few men from the board of a friend. But the kind heart of Harrison was moved; he left the table, went into the street, and shortly after returned; and and what do you suppose he found there and did there? It was a little girl crying, and afraid to go home, because she had lost a three dollar bank note with which her mother had directed her to pay a bill. "Stop your crying, my little girl," said the old gentleman; and drawing from his pocket a three dollar note, he added, "here, take this, and go and pay the bill."

FATHER OF THE WEST

Hurrah for the Father of all the green West
For the Buckeye who follows the plough!
The foeman in terror his valor confect,
And we'll honor the conqueror now.

His country assailed in the darkest of days, To her rescue impatient he flew;
The war-whoop's fell blast, and the rifle's red blaze,
But awakened old Tippecanoe!

On Maumee's dark waters, along with brave Wayns, Green laurels he glean'd with his sword, But when jeace on the country came smiling again, His steel to the scabbard restored.

But wise in the Council as brave in the Field, His country still asked for his aid; And the birth of Young Empires his wisdom reveal'd, The Sage and the Statesman displayed.

But the red torch of war, the tomahawk's gleam, To the battle again called the true;
And there, where the stars and the stripes brightly stream'd, Rushed the Hero of Tippecanoe.

Now hark! from the far frozen wilds of the North, What battle shouts burthen the gale? The hosts of old England ride gallantly forth, And the captive and conquered bewail.

His country recalls the bold Chieftain she loves, The sword of "Old Tip" she reclaims; And Victory heralds wherever he moves, The path of the Hero of Thames!

A farmer who ploughs at North Bend A soldier so brave and a patriot so true,
Will find in each freeu an a friend.

Hurrah for the Log Cabin Chief of our choice! For the old Indian fighter hurrah! Hurrah! and from mountain and valley the voice Of the People re-echoes hurrah!

He never lost battle for you; Let us down with oppression and tyranny's throng, And up with old Trippecanoe! GEN. HARRISON AND GEN. STARK.

When a bill was before Congress in 1818, for the relief of Gen. Stark, the veteran of Bunker Hill, Bennington, and Saratoga, we find Gen. Harrison advocating the same noble, p triotic, and liberal feeling, that has ever marked his public life. He has always that has ever marked his public life. He has always been the particular and active friend of the Revolutionary veteran; and of those hardy Log Cabin Boys who fought with St. Clair, and conquered with Wayne. The name of Stark is familiar to every one who is conversant with the incidents of our revolutionary struggle. He it was who, at the head of his brave mountaineers, achieved a brilliant victory over discip-lined troops belonging to the army of Burgoyne, and struck the first successful blow in that series of comstruck the first successful flow in that series of com-bate which terminated with the surrender at Saratoga The bill being on its passage in the House of Repre-sentatives, and some objection being made, Gen. Har-

"His friend from Georgia (Mr. Cobb) could not have been present when this subject had been before the House at the last session, or he would not have asked the information which he now desired. He had supposed his friend from Georgia was better acquainted with the history of his country than not to know the merits and distinguished revolutionary services of this hoary veteran. At the darkest period of the revolution Gen. Stark had rendered the most important services to his country; and those services were not occasional, but were prolonged to the close of the contest. It was now said that this worthy was in indigent circumstances, and debilitated by old age, that, if not soon bestowed, he would not live to enjoy the aid proposed to be afforded to him. Was it possible (Gen. H. asked) that an American Congress could behold so distinguished a partiot as he is sinking into the grave, in want of every necessary of life? could behold so disting ushed a parrot as he is sinking into the grave, in want of every necessary of life I
or that they could coldly place him among the mass of
pensioners under the general act of last session I For
his part, (Gen. H sand.) he would give the last dol ar
in the Treasury, were it necessary, for the relief of
Gen. Stark. With him, he said it was not a matter
of choice to vote for the bill; it was an imperious

It is to be remembered that these words were uttered by Gen. Harrison, and this noble course adopted long before his name was before the country in connection with the high office to which the people are now desirous of elevaing him. He was not steeking the fame of an orator, nor laboring after political influence. His glory was already secured; his name was all over the land, wherever Tippecanoe had been heard of, or Fort Megs, or the field of the Thames. The speeches above quoted are taken from the records of congressional speeches, where they will ever remain, among many others of a similar character, to identify the name of Harrison with the astional honor and justics.

A song as he title of he the days of our glory.
The time-honored days of our national pride,
When heroes and statesmen ennobled our story,
And boldly the foce of our country defied,
When victory hung o'er our flag proudly waving,
And the battle was fought by the valiant and true.
For our homes and our lov'd ones the enemy braving,
Oh there stood the soldier of Tippecanoe.
The iron armed soldier, the true hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe. When dark was the tempest, and hovering o'er us The clouds of destruction seemed gathering fast, Lake a ray of bright sunshine he stood out before us, And the clouds passed away with the hurrying blast. When the Indian's loud yell, and his tomahawk flash-